

HIGH LIGHTS



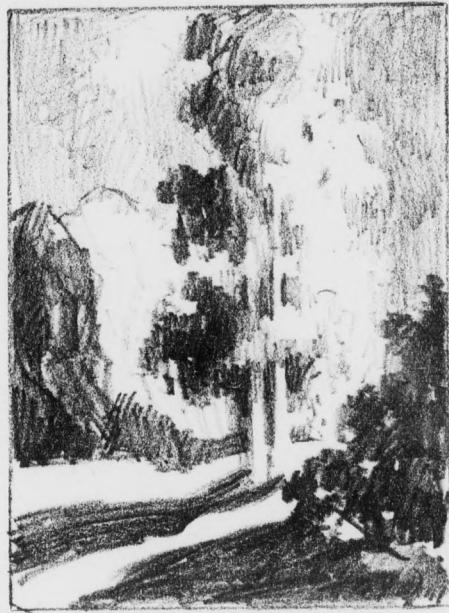
Winter in California - 1940

After James Dickey -

An Old Adobe Publication
SIERRA MADRE ARTS GUILD



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HIGH LIGHTS

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THE SHEPHERD

by

Leslie B. Wynne

The shepherd came to the roving sheep ...
The Magi sought him, afield, afar ...
Only a child they found asleep,
Only a child and a watching star.

The shepherd came to the wandering flock ...
None to know him, they passed him by ...
Only a dreamer they found to mock,
Only a dreamer they left to die.

The shepherd came to the fold by night,
A dreamer, a child, and a star above ...
Out of the dreamer, eternal light,
And out of the child, eternal love.

HAZY STAR

More than nineteen centuries ago this Christmas tide, a new star blazed out suddenly among the constellations of heaven, a new light shone out over the world, a new hope never before known was held out for the first time to the hearts of all mankind. Many times during these centuries this star has been cloaked by the wrack of driving fogs and has been hidden for a while by billowing clouds. Many times this light has fluttered and this hope has all but vanished and ebbed away. Now, once again, and in our time, they are being threatened as never before with annihilation. Evil and presumptuous men, mad with power, deluded with visions of fantastic grandeur, have taken to themselves divine attributes and propose now to put out this light for all time and to banish this star from the sky.

Out of the far-off depths of a long-forgotten and primitive sea, moon-drawn and powerfully stirred to its bottom by savage forces, a high tide of paganism, resurgent and revitalized, rises and rolls with a terrifying power against the shore lines of all the world. Echoing and re-echoing from coast to coast, its billows

strike against the sea walls and thunder against the dikes. A swirling spray and a mist fly like a pall before the sun to cast a shadow across the land. In a matter of weeks small countries are inundated, great nations are flooded, and the foundations of empires are crumbled before the impacts like shifting sands.

What strange and what receding orbit have you pursued these nineteen centuries, illustrious star, that you are now so dim? We wait for you and we watch for you so long, but you have become so hazy among the constellations. Retrace now the circle of your path and return again to us with that brilliance and with that glory that once was yours. Counteract now, we pray you, with your beneficent rays and with your wholesome gravitation this moon-mad power that is now upon us. Let not this light that once you kindled go down now upon the reefs, nor this hope that once you planted within our hearts die out in the blackness of an endless night. Strong and majestic, shining upon us out of the heavens like a second sun, come close again to us now, and with the warmth of your justice and with the light of your truth, illuminate once more the paths before us and establish at last among us that peace and that happiness that was promised to us so long ago.

L.B.W.

* * * * *

At times we have been asked why we do not make more use of war topics; at others, why we ever use anything of the kind. The proponents of the one have their arguments; the other side, too, offers its reasons why. The fact is, we have felt and do feel that HIGH LIGHTS is not, generally speaking, the proper vehicle for war stories and comments. Yet now and then something of the sort turns up which seems so much to the point that we cannot let it pass.

The field of war news is amply covered by the daily press and the radio. In it we cannot conceivably sound our voice. News comments and the more or less edifying analyses of current happenings crowd most of the space of the national press to the exclusion of other - and oftentimes more desirable - matter from their pages. So, there would seem to be enough trouble in the world without our trying to do or say anything to add to it.

Whether or not the old earth is in as bad condition as many of our contemporaries seem to think, it is certainly not the mission of this publication to advertise the fact, or to fulminate for or against anyone or anything. Our goal is, above all things, to uphold the ARTS in all their ways and branches. Our object is to make of HIGH LIGHTS - to as great an extent as possible an inspiration and a guide; to interpret, to analyze, and to bring to the notice of our readers items that make for an entirely different phase of life and life-experience from that of war. And not alone in the realm of ART, but in the complete and fully rounded way of the many-dimensioned world.

Our functioning, such as it is, belongs to ART. And through ART and the awakening and enhancing of artistic techniques, tastes, and appreciations, the fostering of better citizens - men and women. There is an art of liberty, an art of citizenship, an art of service to one's country. Americanism - the old original American ideas and ideals are pure ART. There is nothing in all the known arts of statecraft, statehood, and government that have surpassed them.

America has a job on her hands today. That job, primarily, is defense. In general it may be said that any leading part in the formulation or operation of that program is beyond our individual reach. But there is a section of it, and a most important one, which lies right "upon our alley": it is the - let us not say "building" of citizenship, not even "re-building"; rather let us say - "re-awakening of the awareness" of the duties and privileges of citizenship.

And citizenship is fostered; it is made real and personal to each one of us largely by the things that HIGH LIGHTS stands for. Instead of a vague awareness of the arts, of artistic values, artistic creativeness and creations, we grow into an individualized, a personalized viewpoint. Their meanings are not hazy abstractions, but vivid actualities. They come to mean something to us; they are part of us. The emotional and mental values emerge, and gradually make known the fact that "man does not live by bread alone." The American Constitution, the Bill of Rights, are of this series of art. It was through the growing awareness within the hearts and minds of men that certain hitherto idealistic concepts had become as real and as indispensable to them as bread itself, that American independence was born.

If for any reason we should fancy ourselves a messiah or a super-policeman, minding the affairs of the world; if we wished to arouse a wholesome yet invincible war spirit, we can think of no better way than by showing to ourselves first - then to others - that we do have something worth fighting for.

There is a quality in Americanism which transcends mere political, civil bonds and organization. America is a nation which is more than a nation. It is a state plus an ideal; an ideal which has been brought down to earth and made to function as a principle of government.

N.A.

* * * * *

REMEMBER: Regular meetings of the Sierra Madre Arts Guild are held on the first Friday of each month, at 8:00 p.m.

SIERRA MADRE'S FESTIVAL OF ARTS

In line with National Art Week, the last week of November, Sierra Madre celebrated its first annual Festival of Arts, so ably inaugurated and managed by Florence Bertsch and Marjorie Hesse. With the splendid co-operation of every merchant in town, store windows displayed many fine paintings and other works of art by our local artists; while the artists themselves, publicly revealing all the tricks of their art, sketched and painted their lovely living models upon the corners of the downtown streets. The festival came to a fitting close Saturday evening, November 30, with a public reception and a supper at the Wistaria Vine Gardens.

The Sierra Madre Arts Guild extends its sincere congratulations and its thanks to Miss Bertsch and to Miss Hesse on their very successful start towards this annual Festival of Arts.

ANSWER FOR A LADY WHO WANTED TO KNOW by Bill Burke

All God's chillun ain't got culture. In this world, nice and modern and argumentative, many would automatically disagree not only about what culture is, but who has it.

Our friend, Joe, feels that culture is an odd something you could possess, and still walk down Sierra Madre Boulevard dressed only in a pair of white flannel drawers (old style).

And we have a young friend, with an unimpeachable ancestry, who says that culture is something she has known all her life, but she just can't say what it is.

You can be a bug in culture, or you can be so cultured as to be a deadly bore. It applies, too, to planting onions or the lowly goober.

One race, traced by unbiased historians to a barbaric beginning, recently discovered how pure and Aryan it is. Therefore, by the grace of Wotan and other pagan gods, it will try to rule the world. All this, technically, is culture, too, for cultures not only advance, but retrogress.

People who do not believe themselves to have culture, never speak about it. And those who are most heated in having you subscribe to some certain cultural activity, are by implication saying they have it. Unfortunately, it isn't something you consciously put on like a coat in the morning. Races acquire it through eons; people are born with it; education merely polishes it.

Culture is refinement. It is a matter of progress, of receptive appreciation, enlightenment, discipline. It is not a companion-piece for the quoted definition of a gentleman: one who is never unintentionally rude.

* * * * *

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Ye editor hereby invites others of his readers, who may care to do so, to send in their ideas and definitions of Culture.)

OUR VOLUNTEER FIREMEN

by

Lee Shippey

'Twas a dark and stormy night in 1920 when a little band of Sierra Madre Volunteer Firemen decided that they weren't doing enough to justify their salaries of nothing a year, with time and a half for overtime. A fine record of service and personal sacrifice was not enough for them. They knew of some kids for whom Christmas was going to be a bitter disappointment.

"Let's give those kids a Christmas tree," some unsung hero suggested.

They made an appeal for toys no longer used and the response was surprising. So was the efficiency of the firemen in rejuvenating those toys. They and their wives put in many an evening. The results were beautiful to see. Sierra Madre's first public Christmas tree in the park had presents for all the underprivileged children, and bags of candy, nuts, and fruits for all the kids who showed up - which included practically all the kids in town.

Ever since then, our firemen have been sponsoring the municipal Christmas tree. Every year all of them give many hours of toil and thought to it - and so do their better halves. Eleven years ago they began distributing toys and baskets to shut-ins and others who could not get to a municipal tree, and gave dances to raise money for such extended efforts. Now the annual Firemen's Dance is a party which gives the rest of us a chance to show, in at least a small way, our appreciation of the finest lot of fellows you can find in a day's journey. We have the right to be proud of them as firemen, and a double right to be proud of them as generous and benevolent citizens. What they started here is now being copied in many other towns. Because of their fine example many thousands of children in a dozen Southern California towns find Christmas a day of gladness instead of one of bitter disappointment, and generously filled baskets are left in the homes of hundreds of needy families. So we salute our firemen - our most useful citizens.

MUSICAL REVIEW

by

Isobel Young

We had scarcely caught our breath after the beauty of the ballet when November ushered in productions, the best we have ever heard musically and dramatically. Those fortunate enough to attend the opera series from November 4 to November 9, had a treat in store for them. Yet despite the apparent capacity audiences, it is said the seat sale was twenty-five per cent lower than last year and that the San Francisco Opera Association left without any assurance that they would return next season. Is it that we in Southern California are principally interested in singers and not in opera? Could it be the absence of a Pons, Tibbett, Flagstad, or Moore on a particular night that caused this drop?

Bruno Walter lead the first symphony of the season at Philharmonic Auditorium Thursday, November 21. "Overture to Euryanthe" prefaced the interesting "Oxford Symphony" by Haydn. Wagner's "Siegfried Idyll" and a magnificent reading of Beethoven's symphony No.3, the "Eroica," concluded the bill. John Alden Carpenter's new symphony will be given its first Pacific Coast performance at the second pair of concerts, on December 5 and 6.

Fritz Kreisler, that beloved virtuoso, appeared Tuesday evening, November 26, at Philharmonic with some new original compositions in addition to the old favorites, "Caprice Viennois," "Tambourin Chinois," and "String Quartet in A Minor."

On the local scene we find charming "Renee" (Renee Copeland) captivating her audience with original interpretive dances at the Wistaria Vine Salon, Sunday, November 24. In her "Fantaisie Cubaine," she revealed a delicious sense of humor with her clever miming. "L'Africaine," the concluding number, danced on a darkened stage to the heady beat of savage drums, created a sensation. Assisting artist on the program was Miss Elma McFarland who played piano selections from Scarlatti, Schumann, and Schubert.

PULP-WRITING EXPLAINED

by Bob Foote

Exactly what is meant by "pulp-writing," a nebulous term in the minds of most laymen, was explained to members of the Sierra Madre Arts Guild at the regular meeting of November 1 by two of the most eminent practitioners of the art, Ruby Laberte Thomson and Isabel Stewart Way, residents of nearby Azusa.

Delightful music for the gathering was furnished by a talented Sierra Madre boy soprano, eleven-year-old George Tyree, son of Mr. and Mrs. Russell Tyree, who showed definite ability and fine training. He was accompanied on the piano by his teacher, Mrs. Blanche Marfield of Altadena.

The "pulps," it was brought out by Mrs. Thomson who is the highest paid writer of "love pulp stories," take their name from the fact that the paper on which such magazines are printed is manufactured from wood-pulp and is rough stock, somewhat like that of newspapers; whereas the higher grade magazines are printed on smooth paper and are known among professional writers as the "slicks."

Quite as much art, it became apparent from Mrs. Thomson's talk, goes into the writing of the pulp as into the slick stories. Different criterions govern the handling of the material. The pulp story requires quicker action and more intense drama; the slick story must have greater development of characterization and subtler motivation. Formerly the line between the two was not sharply drawn, Mrs. Thomson said, and there were a number of magazines on the border line between the two schools of fiction. Of late years there is a sharper demarkation and the pulp story will seldom do for the slicks, or vice versa.

Mrs. Thomson told interestingly of how she and her husband, "Bunk" Thomson, who is a writer of Western adventures, "got into the game." Their early gropings and successful arrival offered a humorous but encouraging story for other aspiring writers. Because of the greater number of pulp magazines and their lower requirements for the element called "style," they offer a much wider and easier field than the slicks for the beginner.

Mrs. Way added emphasis to this point, from her own experiences. She is the author of a well-received novel of three years ago, "Seed of the Land," and has been a successful writer for the slicks, also. She said, however, that it was upon the pulps that she found she must depend for her steady income. She specializes in Western yarns and she told of how she has taken one imaginary frontier town and woven stories about many of its leading personalities - the doctor, the store-keeper, the blacksmith, etc. - thus getting away from the old-time formula which required that the hero of such tales always be a sheriff, and the villain a cattle rustler.

Zest was added to the literary character of the meeting by the presence of Harlan Ware, noted author of fiction, film, and radio stories, who gave amusing incidents in connection with the production of his daily radio feature, "Bud Barton."

* * * * *

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Modesty forbids the author of the above to mention that Mr. Bob Foote, the well-known sports writer, was also present at the meeting, took part in the discussion, and added much in his turn to the literary atmosphere.)

OPERATIC PRESENTATION

by

Ruth Geggie

A new experience in operatic presentation will be offered Pasadena on December 15 when Dr. Richard Lert, conductor of the Pasadena Civic Orchestra, will give Mozart's "The Marriage of Figaro," in English, with an all-local professional cast of young artists. This will be the culmination of Dr. Lert's desire to present Mozart opera as it was planned originally. They will use a thirty piece orchestra, the exact number for which Mozart composed the music. This is a non-profit, civic enterprise, and is sponsored by the Coleman Chamber Group of Pasadena.

IN APPRECIATION

by Alice Sedgman

On browsing around Rikeman's Village Gift Shop the other day, looking at this and that, my eyes were arrested by HIGH LIGHTS, that inimitable production of the Sierra Madre Arts Guild. Its yellow jacket adorned by Mr. Alfred James Dewey's charming sketch of tall and graceful sycamores fascinated me. Then, turning the page, those artistic little ads. appeared, looking like stray pictures from an artist's sketch book. This is a very subtle touch. We swallow the ads. like sugar-coated pills, under the belief that we are absorbing art, while at the same time we are drinking in the fact that we ought to spend our money with such artistic advertisers as the Rikemans, C.M.Hightower, Robert's Market, The Vine Graden, J. Milton Steinberger, and the Sierra Madre Savings Bank.

On the next page appear the intelligentsia of the village displaying their wares ... Not forgetting Mrs. Dewey and Mrs. Wynne, the "powers behind the wheel," who send the magazine rolling to tell the world Sierra Madre is on the map as a creator of art.

Just a word of praise for the Camera Section. Too long the wielders of the little black box have hidden their light under a bushel, or perhaps it was a black cloth. Now they are coming into their kingdom as brother artists.

One copy will take a trip to Australia, and another to England, to spread the news abroad.

We are all excited by the love of praise, and the noblest are most influenced by glory.

Cicero - Oratio Pro Licinio Archia - XI.

The most pleasing of all sounds is that of your own praise.

Xenophon - Hiero. I. 14. Watson's trans.

CAMERA CLUB NOTES

by

Harry Arnold

Since the Christmas spirit is in the air, the Club spent the last two meetings in learning how to make photographic Christmas cards. Mr. Powers gave an interesting talk at the first meeting and produced many beautiful examples of cards he made last year.

The meeting of November 26 was devoted to taking pictures of table top set-ups of the Christmas motifs to be used by the members in making up their own cards. A prize is to be awarded later for the best picture taken that evening. The contribution for this has been made by the photographic store of Emmett Black.

Echoes of praise and of appreciation still come to us for the showing of the Club in its recent photographic exhibit at the City Hall. Some of the work of our local members was again on display, too, in the windows of the merchants about town during the week of the Festival of Arts.

Our next meeting is to be held on Tuesday evening, December 10, at 8 p.m. All members are urged to be present. Everyone interested in photographic art is invited to attend our meetings with the privilege of offering criticism and suggestions.

PAX DEI

by

Bert Morehouse

Lift up your eyes to the neighborly hills
At this Christmas season,
And contemplate their winter loveliness
As they stand steadfastly horizon high,
The gift of their Creator
Who sculptured them with invincible purpose
Beyond the finite knowledge of men.
Open your hearts to the blessedness of their peace,
Which comes to you on the breeze at dawn,
And wings softly through your pleasant streets
In the December dusk.
Let the initiate joy of the heralds of old
Fill your souls to the glad acclaim:
"There is born to you this day a Saviour,
Who is Christ, the Lord!"

GUILD PROGRAM FOR DECEMBER

The Guild program for Friday evening, December 6, is to be an all musical Christmas program given in part by the Sierra Madre pupils of Blanche Wayne Marfield of Altadena, Pasadena, and Sierra Madre. The program will include some ensemble numbers as well as solo numbers, and will open with the Little Junior group of Sierra Madre pupils in a number of Christmas songs.

A French folk song will first be sung by Nancy Ann Welch, small daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Welch of Sierra Madre. This is to be followed by a duet for alto and soprano sung by Jack and Dick Champlin, twin sons of Mrs. Grace Champlin of Sierra Madre. George Tyree, boy soprano, son of Mr. and Mrs. Russell Tyree, also of Sierra Madre, who sang before the Guild at the November meeting, will again be heard in a soprano solo.

Following the Juniors, three numbers will be sung by Jean Rowley, Evelyn Hoeksma, Viola Kilsey, and Barbara Orr. A cradle song, sung by Dudley Buck, follows, and then a Christmas number will be sung by Frances Furstenberger, mezzo-contralto, an artist of considerable prominence in Southern California who has already appeared before the Guild. Two Christmas songs will then be sung by Harley Prior, baritone, who has also appeared before the Guild at a former meeting. Evelyn Hoeksma is to sing as a soprano solo, "Little Christmas Donkey" by Geraldine Farrar. Francis Eakman follows singing the "Cradle Song" by Schubert.

Eddie McCloskey, who was to have taken part in the singing, will unfortunately be unable to appear because of illness.

The program will end with the singing of a number of Christmas carols, lead by Francis Eakman, in which the audience is asked to join.

Accompanists throughout the program will be Bernice Towner and Blanche Wayne Marfield.

George Tyree, who takes part on this program with the Juniors, will also sing later in the month with the Tuesday Musical Juniors in Pasadena, appearing on their Christmas program.



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